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# Still Burning

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## Still Burning

He had a dream.

I had one too.

The sickly-sweet stench of burning flesh beckons reality

As pale knuckles clench wood and ivories press together,

Tears threaten the horizons of my eyes as I choke back

The urge to ask:

‘When will we stop burning?’

But, beauty is pain, right?

So, the iron brands my scalp and sears my mind;

And I try not to shake my head in disbelief,

But the words untangle and fall as quickly as naps disappear.

Will we always keep burning?

Conscious riddims rise,

Catching with the unspoken hidden in desperate hearts.

Yet, it’s the idle gossip that swirls into the melodies.

Manicured talons seize rungs abandoned by sisters  
Too weary defending themselves against the weapon;  
Sharper than any two-edged sword.

Meanwhile, husks stare back at men who're hardly recognizable,  
Trying to convince themselves that they really do  
Hold the secret to  
Masculinity.  
The pursuit of life, liberty and the elusive honeypot.

Ignoring sincere yearnings, we push the protests of our souls aside.  
Instead, opting to demonstrate disapproval projected into a void,  
Where no one ever sees your face.  
Where voices sound more like the soft tapping of square keys.  
Where we talk more about getting lit.  
Where nothing ignites but the cycle of burning goes on.

He had a dream.  
I have one too;  
That the burning started even before his time  
Will finally blaze a fire greater than me or you.